

Stay Close to Me

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Stay Close to Me

by [hydralilies](#)

Summary

The nerves in Dream's forearm flare up as George brushes past him to get into the bathroom, setting both towels on the sink counter. The saliva on his tongue feels thick and syrupy as it slides down his throat.

They've never, *ever*, done anything this intimate, this *vulnerable* before.

And it's intimidating.

So, *so* intimidating.

Because he's going to be showering, trusting and bare, with his *crush*, his best friend of six years, the *love of his life*, for the first time ever. How could he *not* be a little intimidated?

Or, with the worst of George's narcolepsy troubles out of the way, Dream and George allow themselves to take the next step in their relationship.

Notes

Aaaand I'm back!!

With a monster of a oneshot LOL!

I didn't mean for this to be 17k words bahaha, it just kept going and going and going... oops
Well, this took me around a month to complete, so I hope you all enjoy! :)
It's still super fluffy and cuddly and stuff, but this is definitely more on the explicit side and
also focuses less on George's narcolepsy hehe.
ALSO! I highly recommend reading the first two parts! Some of this won't make any sense
without reading the first two parts in the series, but I suppose it isn't completely necessary.
Just know you'll be a little confused at some points.

[Twitter](#)

If Dream and/or George ever say they're no longer comfortable with nsfw/shipping fics, this
will be immediately taken down.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Stay Close to Me

Dream wakes with the taste of Venus on his tongue.

It's foreign, yet freshly comforting.

A slat of sunlight washes away lingering stardust from behind closed lids. They refuse to open, still.

There are dewdrops clinging to the windowsill from where they've accumulated on wet panes of glass. Like a staccato beat, they drip rhythmically against sealed wood and meld with the chirps of morning birds.

The orchestra of six a.m. blankets Dream's brain in its hazy melody. Soft enough to console, yet loud enough to rouse.

He'd left the window open last night.

The weather had been cool, cloudy, and heavy with the threat of storms. He'd insisted on sealing the frame tight to avoid the splattered mess of raindrops on carpet, but it stayed ajar anyway.

Because George had said he loved the *pitter-patter* of rain against pavement. The smell of soaked asphalt and damp soil. The tacky, humid feel of moisture in the air.

So, the window stayed in place.

The whisper of wind and cloudburst sung them into somnolence. George had murmured about the sorts of storms he'd get in London; the sort of torrential downpours he'd watch from the shitty view of his flat. How the cracks in the wood of his windowsill would bloom mold after each one, and how he'd have to tend to water damage in his walls. But it was his favorite type of weather, despite the hassle.

Dream had listened; hung onto every word as George observed misted rain splitting through mesh.

The storm had been long and brutal. Dense showers hammered against the roof and even knocked the power out, at one point.

George just sighed like he was at home. *Content* .

He drifted off to the lullaby of Zeus's tempest; Dream to the timbre of George's voice.

And he doesn't need to open his eyes to know the carpet's soaked.

The thought brings a drowsy smile to his lips.

George's back is warm against his chest; skin against skin. Chestnut hair tickles the tip of his nose, and Dream scrunches it up with eyes still shut to disperse the feeling. The arm secured around George's chest tightens minutely. Tackiness in the air settles upon freckled skin, a layer of stickiness uncomfortably gluing pale and tan together.

But neither man stirs.

Dream knows George is awake. His breathing's sped up, chest altering its pace beneath the forearm looped around it. This is something Dream has learned; something he *knows*. George's almond face turns to the dewy pillow beneath his head, nuzzling it in an attempt to wake his nerves up.

It's cute, and Dream mimics the action at the nape of George's neck. The hair there is curled at the tips from the humidity. He still hasn't cut it.

They're both a bit gross, covered in a sheen of sweat from the mugginess of Floridian air. But Dream only wants to bring them closer. It's a little selfish, but he can't bring himself to care. A leg is thrown over George's hip, ankle hooking around his shin to bring them flush together.

A soft noise escapes George's nose.

Dream smiles, and presses a kiss into a sunburned shoulder.

They'd spent yesterday beneath sunshine, curling toes into sand and breathing in salt. The memory is a haze of stolen glances, waves lapping at ankles, and rocks across water. Soaked swim shorts, hearty laughter, a few Smirnoffs.

It had been a day trip vacation of sorts; to the beach and back, not long at all. Still, enough time to burn the shit out of George's sun-adversed skin, it seems.

Dream takes note of its rawness and ensures his kisses are gentle and fleeting. His eyes have cracked open into bleary slits, half lidded with gradually-draining drowsiness. Golden rays blind him momentarily as he adjusts to the influx of light, but it's so, *so* worth it, every time.

Because he loves waking up like this.

Loves waking up to the warm presence between his arms, the rustle of sheets against bare skin, the heart beating alongside his own.

Sweet, tender, and everything lovely.

Warm breath ghosts across baby hairs where lips press; gooseflesh emerging in their wake. A shudder ripples through George's back and zips down his spine.

Another love-drenched sigh. Dream isn't sure who's lips it leaves.

Both men are awake and alert, but neither want to disturb the moment; the tranquility of the a.m.

Dream savors it like a trophy, cradles it in his arms and stores it away with a golden lock and key. It's *theirs*, and theirs *alone*.

A broad palm soothes over blanched skin and leaves a trail of alighted nerves wherever it goes. George is warm. The sun is warm. The sheets are warm. The air is warm.

He never wants to move.

Instead, he listens. Listens to the gentle drip of dew and lingering rain off waxy leaves, listens to the steady inhale and exhale of his lover, listens to the whir of the ceiling fan overhead. He also observes. Takes in the curl of coffee hair, the mottled blues and purples adorning George's nape leftover from a desperate mouth, and the stain of red across narrow shoulders.

So many colors follow George. Ensnare him in their embrace. Smother him like he's bathed in a rainbow made from mist and sunshine.

And Dream finds it ironic: George is colorblind.

Yet, this doesn't stop the universe from making him the most vibrant boy under its wing, because *god*, does George shine. Maybe it's the rose-colored glasses, but Dream doesn't think he's seen anything as colorful as his boy.

Lost in sugar-drenched thoughts, he barely has half a mind to register George's voice.

"Th's 's gross," he mumbles, shifting to inch away from the expanse of Dream's chest.

The peeling away of their stuck skin makes Dream cringe, but he endures it, as long as it'll make George more comfortable. Still, Dream's leg remains slung over the brunet's thigh, despite the meager distance between their torsos.

A few breathy chuckles fall from his lips. "And who's fault is that?"

"Yours."

He's smiling, and Dream scoffs.

"*You* were the one who wanted the window left open *in the middle of Florida*. How is it *my* fault that the room's humid as shit?"

“Cause *you* let me convince you,” George says with mirth on his tongue, “*simp.*”

Dream mutters a lighthearted ‘*idiot*’ under his breath as the brunet rolls his shoulders back, satisfyingly popping to rid his limbs of leftover sleep. He halts halfway through his motion, hissing between his teeth.

“Oh my *god*, ow.” The words leave him in a rush.

Dream shuffles upwards a bit, propping himself up with an elbow. Viridian eyes fall upon a beautiful sunkissed profile, edges of stubble and long lashes illuminated under the harsh ray of sun upon their bodies. If George notices his silent ogling, he doesn’t address it. Instead, he’s unmoving, chocolate-brown eyes staring straight ahead, a grimace painted upon his features.

“Hm?” Dream emits a questioning hum.

“I’m, like, super sunburnt, aren’t I?” George asks.

The blond laughs gently. “Maybe a, uh, a little bit?” The unsurety in his voice doesn’t soften the blow like he intended.

“You’re lying to me,” George complains. “It feels horrible.”

Dream lets a sympathetic noise slip from between his lips. Fingers that’d resided upon George’s waist trail upwards, grazing the raw skin on his shoulder. Not enough pressure to hurt, but enough to be felt.

George squirms a bit, whining low in his throat as he attempts to swat the offending hand away. “*Stop, tha’ feels weird.*”

“Sorry.”

He doesn’t sound sorry at all.

That same hand rubs circles into the unaffected skin of George's bicep, instead. As if the ministrations make him tired, he yawns. Dream yawns soon after.

"Th' carpet's wet," George comments through gummed lips.

It is, now that Dream can see it. Can peer over George's cherry-red shoulder and see the dark stain at the foot of the windowsill.

"And that's," Dream leans down to rest his mouth against the shell of George's ear, "*also* your fault." Even the tip of *that* is red.

So cute.

He kisses the apex of George's cheek (which is also, unsurprisingly, flushed), trailing adoring lips down his jaw and back around to his nape.

George just hums. "Whatever. You liked the sound of the rain, too."

At this, Dream falters.

He's a bit too embarrassed, *too flustered*, to tell George that he'd actually fallen asleep to his voice last night, *not* the rain. Instead, he opts to make an affirmative noise, nibbling gently on the taut expanse of pearlescent skin at his mercy.

The room is still horribly uncomfortable, and Dream's sure his boxers are damp and matted to his legs like a second skin; George's probably the same. He stops, buries his nose in the crux of his lover's neck, and leaves one last kiss. He smells like the salty air of the beach, like soaked concrete, like lingering floral lotion and fresh linen.

Underneath it all, he smells like *George*. Dream pauses to breathe him in for a moment. There's a flicker of possessiveness when his nose picks up notes of Dream's own cologne; the kind he'd worn yesterday.

It's intoxicating, and Dream thinks he should speak before he loses his rationale.

“Let’s take a shower, then maybe get some aloe on your shoulders?” He poses it as a suggestion. Despite how gross the room is, he would stay in bed, like this, if George wanted him to; no matter how long.

Dream blinks at himself.

God, maybe he *is* a simp. He’d like to think he’s more of a hopeless romantic, but the internet would probably say otherwise.

Finally, George cranes his neck, turning a bit onto his back to peer up at the man above him. There’s obvious discomfort that comes with the movement, given the tautness of his expression. Dream aches to kiss it away, to soothe the muscles beneath his perfect planes of skin into relaxation; *bliss*.

Rosy lips split into a soft smile when their eyes meet.

“Okay,” George replies, soft and saccharine as he always is in the morning. He eases himself onto his back, and Dream forgoes hesitation in favor of straddling the man’s thighs as soon as he’s situated.

It’s gotten increasingly difficult to deny his desire to *touch* George; to *feel* him every second of the day. He knows it’s probably annoying; just how attached he is. Sapnap can attest.

But, *god*, he doesn’t give a shit. Because George is *here*, beautiful and *wanting* and *his*. And dammit, he’s going to take advantage of that.

How could he not?

Leaning forward, he places a close-mouthed kiss on the corner of George’s mouth. Hands explore tacky skin at their leisure, stroking supple flesh and pressing thumbs into a soft belly.

A noise escapes George’s nose. Dream’s heart flutters dangerously against his rib cage.

They pull apart, and Dream can't hold back the admiration pooling in his features at the sight of tousled, sleep-swept hair and chocolate-glazed irises. He brushes an astray strand from the slickness of George's forehead, tucking it behind his ear.

"Pretty." Dream can't help but tell him at every opportunity.

It's always been a thought of his, just how gorgeous his friend is. Lingering in the back of his mind as he would gaze at George's face on his monitor, or at the shaky angles of last-second Facetime calls. He's always held back, always kept his dangerous thoughts under tight supervision.

But now, everything's different. The padlock he'd secured around those thoughts has dissolved in its entirety, swept away by newfound closeness and intimacy.

And at his compliment, George rolls his eyes and *scoffs*.

He always does.

"Shut up, I feel nasty," he says, pressing a palm to the center of Dream's chest to distance them a bit. "Also, your breath stinks."

Dream just smirks back at him. He sits fully upright, placing most of his weight onto his calves and George's thighs. It's almost embarrassingly easy for Dream to pull the hand on his chest up towards his mouth instead, even as George fights against him. The air is thick with wet humidity and Florida sun, and it's difficult to breathe when Dream occupies his mouth with the clammy skin of George's knuckles.

"Guess I'll just have to make out with your hand instead," Dream murmurs with a playful lilt to his words, chapped lips pressed between dainty fingers.

George simply shakes his head in disbelief. A smile climbs onto his lips. "You're so dumb."

"You love it."

He opens his mouth to retort- rightfully so- but is cut off when something hot and slick slides

between the webbed skin of his knuckles. George *gasps*, hand twitching restrictedly where Dream holds it in place. All he can do is *watch*, when a heady tongue and mouth explore the nooks of his palm and fingers.

“*Dream*,” George manages. The blond’s eyes are half-lidded, lazily gazing down at the squirming boy beneath him. “That feels *weird*.”

But Dream isn’t stupid.

He’s learned just how *responsive* George’s body is, how *sensitive* he can be with even minor touches. It’s something he adores about him; how even a kiss to his neck or the graze of a fingertip against his thigh can leave him a melted puddle of shaky nerves.

That’s not to say Dream’s any better, though.

George could *whisper* something in his ear and he’d be at his mercy in a flash. There’s something about the brunet that makes Dream thaw from the inside-out until he’s on his knees, willing and pliant. Maybe it’s his overwhelming fondness, or his desire to please, but regardless, it’s a powerful force.

Breathing through his nose, Dream sears a trail of open-mouthed kisses along the back of George’s hand, nipping with teeth and soothing with tongue. He tastes like lingering saltwater and sweat, and it doesn’t deter him in the slightest; it urges him forward, instead. His free hand thumbs over George’s navel, slipping a bit under the damp hem of his briefs.

George is breathing unsteadily, now. The hand not in Dream’s grip claws at a tanned thigh, engraving shallow crescents where his fingernails hook in.

He wears an expression of annoyance, yet the shakiness of his voice betrays him. “This is- this is disgusting,” George mutters. There’s a flush creeping down his neck, further saturating his already-present sunburn. “*You’re* disgusting. Stop.”

A smile curves against wet fingertips. Dream glances down, then back up. “You’re literally hard, babe.”

“Oh my *god*.” George rolls his eyes for the umpteenth time this morning. “*Barely*. You’re tongue-

“fucking my hand, dumbass. It’s still gross.”

After a hearty chuckle, Dream lets George’s hand slip away. And, of course, he wipes his fingers on the blond’s thigh.

Fair enough.

“Can we take showers now, or are you gonna be weird all morning?” George prompts.

It’s Dream’s turn to roll his eyes, scooching back and sliding off the bed. “Yeah, yeah, *alright*. Let me just close this damn window first.” His feet hit the crumpled sheets that they’d thrown off in the middle of the night. Sunlight illuminates specks of dust in the air as they fly up, glimmering dully as he kicks the heap of fabric closer to their laundry basket. When he turns to slide the window shut- *finally*- he hears a groan of pain.

George is sitting up slowly, visibly cringing as the irritated skin of his back flares up. “Ow, ow, ow-”

It’s as if a switch goes off in Dream’s brain, at the noises of discomfort. *God*, he feels insufferable at times with how doting he is. The need to protect George is a somewhat overwhelming feeling, and he *knows* it has to be annoying on George’s end. But he can’t help the way his heart kicks up in pace, how his mind blares *George George George*, how he gets all panicky and frustrated if he can’t soothe his boy’s woes away.

Needless to say, he’s at the bedside in a heartbeat. “George, baby, stop and let me help you.” He places a supportive hand on the unafflicted area of George’s lower back, trying to ease him upwards.

“*Dream*,” he sounds frustrated, “I’m *fine*. It’s just a sunburn. It’s not like my bones are broken. Go take your shower, *alright*? ”

A frown overtakes Dream’s lips. He feels conflicted, anxious, a bit shaky. His palms have gotten even *more* damp, if that’s possible. He doesn’t know what’s wrong with him.

“I don’t- ” Dream starts, tongue running dry, “I don’t know if I can.”

Brown hair jostles in place as George whips his head to peer up at him. There's a confused furrow to his brow. "Why- what? What do you mean? What's wrong?"

"I just- I don't know," Dream pauses. Because it's *true*; he really *doesn't know*. It's abnormally difficult to string a coherent sentence together, for some reason. He squeezes his eyes shut, urging his mind to *slow* and *focus*. An uneven breath leaves his lungs. "I just- George, I love you so much that sometimes it's- it's overwhelming, I guess? I seriously can't think straight if I see you in pain. It, like, makes me go all shaky and my throat closes up- god, I sound so weird right now. I don't know what's wrong with me."

He blinks his eyes back open, looking off to the side, unable to meet the heavy weight of George's stare. "And I *know* you're, like, older than me and you're a grown-ass adult, and you can take care of yourself, but, I just, can't help but wanna care for you and give you everything, even though it's impossible and I'm just- "

A warm palm against the swell of his cheek interrupts his jumbled mess of emotions. Dream starts, and swivels forwards to face George again.

There's an understanding glint in his eye that soothes the tempest in Dream's gut. The pad of his thumb rubs against his stubbled jaw in a soft caress, a small smile gracing both their faces. Dream can't help but turn his face into George's palm, kissing the crease that runs along its width.

"Sorry," he murmurs into George's skin.

He drops his hand back into his lap. "Don't apologize, idiot. I think it's cute, how much you care about me," George admits. "Believe it or not, I'm not heartless, Dream. I can recognize that you're coming from a good place, and I won't criticize you for that."

Dream nods once. He's still a bit on edge, fighting against his body and mind. George knows this. He can always tell when Dream's struggling.

"Hey," he swivels around and slings his legs off the mattress to face Dream, grasping both of his hands in his own, smaller ones, "do you, uhm, maybe want to..." The lips that Dream *aches* to kiss sheepishly purse up. He delivers an encouraging squeeze to the hands that fit so perfectly in his own. It seems to do the trick. "Do you want to shower *together*? So you can be with me and help me out, and stuff."

And Dream is pretty sure he short-circuits.

His fingers tighten around George's, and he's certain his eyes are wide as dinner plates. His tongue re-wets his lips when his mouth goes dry. "I, uh, *yeah*. I mean, sure, yes, we can- we can do that. If you're okay with it."

George snorts, amused. "Why would I suggest it if I wasn't okay with it? You look like you just won the lottery. It's funny."

But Dream dismisses the teasing comments in favor of tugging George upwards to stand beside him. "I really, uhm, appreciate it. Letting me take care of you. It helps a lot."

"Hey, don't think I'm only doing this for you," George quips with a smirk on his lips. Their hands detach as he turns away.

Dream's palms feel strangely light in their absence. He sighs contemplatively, crossing his forearms over his chest.

"Oh, really? What the hell do you get out of it, then?"

The brunet pads in the direction of their closet, opening the creaky sliding doors to pull out two fresh towels.

"Well, first, you're really good with your hands," Dream sputters from behind him, nearly tripping over his feet on his way to the bathroom, because *oh god* does that awaken something in him, "and second, I get to make you all flustered, which is cute." The doors *click* shut.

Dream knows better than to argue with that last point, so he just hums, like his face *isn't* on fire from the words. He's undeniably weak for George, flustered by his mere *presence* in the room. This fact has been established for years, at this point.

The nerves in Dream's forearm flare up as George brushes past him to get into the bathroom, setting both towels on the sink counter. The saliva on his tongue feels thick and syrupy as it slides down his throat.

They've never, *ever*, done anything this intimate, this *vulnerable* before.

And it's intimidating.

So, *so* intimidating.

Because he's going to be showering, trusting and bare, with his *crush*, his *best friend* of six years, the *love of his life*, for the first time ever. How could he *not* be a *little* intimidated?

Ever since *that* night, when George had fallen asleep in his lap during a stream, they'd been somewhat wary to take anything further. Whether it was from residual nerves or hesitant respect for one another is debatable. Dream *wants* to make George feel good, *needs* to. But it's difficult to act upon any urges unless there's a large enough *push*, like there was that one night. Granted, it hasn't been long since that day, maybe two weeks or so. But the meager *thought* from that night never fails to bring a heavy blush to his cheekbones.

He loves George. He'd do anything for him. And unless there was another push, he'd hold back, no matter how long.

Dream sighs to himself.

He's snapped out of his racing train of thought when George grazes his arm with a tentative touch. He looks expectantly up at Dream, a shy smile plastered to his face.

"I, uh, can't really bend over or reach up without my skin feeling like it's on fire, so. You might have to help me a little more than I thought, so, I'm, uh, sorr- " Dream cuts him off with a fleeting kiss. It's over as soon as it started, mindful of the fact neither of them have brushed their teeth yet.

"Don't worry. I've got you, okay? Trust me a little," he ensures.

George playfully shakes his head in response. "You're stupid. Of course I trust you."

“Okay, good,” he says around a smile. “Let’s fucking brush our teeth already so I can kiss you.”

With that, they languidly go through their routine, standing before the rectangular mirror above the sink with toothbrush handles dangling from their mouths. Now that the window’s shut, the room’s decidedly more bearable. Less stifling and humid, yet still warm and a tad bit sticky.

As if reading his mind, the A.C. kicks to life within the walls. A rush of chilled air hits their backs from the ceiling vent, and both men let off twin shivers.

Dream finishes first, crouching down below the sink to pull the bottle of aloe from its hiding place. He sets it on the counter for future use and starts up the shower, ensuring it’s warm, but not *too* warm; mindful of George’s sunburn. He’s unbelievably thankful to have had a walk-in shower installed in the master bedroom just a month before he and Sapnap moved in. It had been a bit self-indulgent, sure, and Sapnap had told him what a waste it was, *‘That’s so excessive, dude. You take baths in the tub down the hall all the time anyway, so what’s even the point?’*

At the time, he’d just shrugged, and said *‘I haven’t really bought much for myself, so I just figured I’d indulge in something for once.’*

Which *is* true; he *had* indulged in something outside of what he’d normally spend money on. But, a bit shamefully, he knows he’d actually done it for George, even if he didn’t realize it at the time. The brunet had regaled him a multitude of times about wanting to own a lavish shower, sighing longingly; the one in his flat was damaged, cramped, and had shitty water pressure. He’d frequently express excitement in having access to American showers, and how he couldn’t wait to be rid of his own.

‘You wanna know the first thing I’m gonna do when I get to your house? I’m gonna take a fucking shower. A really long fucking shower.’

And Dream knows it was a bit of a joke.

Because, realistically, when he’d gotten here, the first thing the brunet did was sleep. But it didn’t stop Dream from silently filing that information away, storing it in his heart alongside every other piece of *George* that resided there.

The shower in question is all granite; tiled and modern, butted up against a corner with two glass walls and a sliding door at the front. There’s three vertically-arranged ledges in the corner where

bottles of wash and shaving cream are lined, and the shower head is wide and circular, fitted on one wall to allow a bit of space out of range of water spray. There's also a small sitting ledge jutted from the area vacant of water spray, which was hardly- if ever- used.

Dream tests the water temperature with a stretched hand, one foot in the shower and one out. "Okay, I don't think this is warm enough to irritate the burn on your shoulders, but it should still be- uh."

Oh.

Holy fuck.

Halfway through his sentence, Dream falters, because suddenly *George* is pressed against him, both their bodies squeezed under the narrow glass doorway of the shower. *George* is so *warm*; beautiful and sunkissed, chest pressed against his. Dream wonders if he can feel the thunder of his pulse or the shake in his knees.

"It should still be *what* , Dreamie?" *George* prompts.

But he can't answer right away.

Not when his eyes rake over the sight of discarded briefs on the bathroom floor, back to where *George*'s palms press above hot coals in his stomach. Fire flickers below his fingertips, and Dream tries to soothe the inferno beneath the touch.

He swallows thickly. "It should- it should still be, uhm, warm enough t-to feel comfortable," Dream stumbles his way through his sentence.

George hums in response. "You're cute."

He's fucked.

And Dream can only stare as the man leaves his spot and shuffles into the shower, not even bothering to test the temperature before dousing his head beneath the stream of water. Mist beads

along Dream's arm when George shakes his head to rid of the droplets in his eyes.

Spit lodges itself in his throat as he soaks in the entirety of George's figure. Crystalline rivulets trail down the expanse of his torso from where water gathers in coffee-colored hair, pooling at the dip of his tailbone. It's as if the water is practically *guiding* his eyes southwards, watching raptly as droplets form along the swell of his ass, the subtle thickness of his thighs, the muscle of his calves.

It's almost embarrassing how much he's mesmerized by George's beauty.

"Dream, I seriously cannot lift my arms, so can you stop staring and help me already?"

Dream starts at George's voice, eyes snapping back up to mesh green with brown. The brit has a knowing look in his eye, and Dream feels his ears burn.

It's already so, *so* much different than it was the first time they'd been this vulnerable around one another. Because here, they aren't swamped in four a.m. darkness or the lingering effects of sleep. Instead, they're under the warm morning sun that soaks the bathroom gold from the window across the room, both men bright-eyed and alert.

With a deep inhale, Dream hooks his thumbs into his boxers and hastily kicks them off his legs.

Oh god, he can feel George's gaze along his side.

A shudder races down his spine.

He gently slides the door shut behind him, but he's a bit slow to turn around, because *fuck, okay*, they're really doing this.

Gathering as much courage as he can, Dream sidles himself just behind George, bringing trembling hands to hold his slick waist, gently, like he may break. His forehead drops to the concave of George's neck, right where his sensitive shoulder meets collarbone. Joy seats itself behind his eyes when small hands grab his own to pull them tight around his stomach.

“I love you,” Dream’s voice is soft and breathy against George’s skin.

George cranes his neck to press a kiss into a crown of golden hair, whispering through strands of honey, “You can touch me as much as you want, you know? I’m all yours, Dream.”

There’s the push.

The push that allows Dream to press the line of himself against George’s back, crossing his arms protectively around his middle. The closeness is welcome, despite how their skin slips against each other, and how their knees awkwardly bump from the height difference.

There’s something about being this intimate.

Something about the lack of cloth barriers and the immense amount of vulnerability. Dream supposes he should feel uncomfortable; even maybe a little diffident. But George’s presence, the heat of his skin and the graze of his fingers, make him feel the opposite; pleasant and cozy and *loved*.

They sway gently like this for a minute or so, shifting synched weight heel to heel. There’s nothing but the sound of water on tile echoing off granite walls and harsh breaths when steam fills their lungs.

Eventually, they detach from each other, and Dream douses himself with the water before raking a hand through his hair, slicking loose fringe away from his eyes. George compliments the look, and Dream has half a mind to look bashful about it. He grabs the floral shampoo and body wash, eyeing the two-in-one he had used for years, sitting neglected just behind it. That is, he *had* used it until George gave him a dirty look on the second day of his arrival, and convinced him to invest in *two* bottles; one for shampoo, the other for conditioner.

Not to mention, the bottles in question were *women’s* soap.

He was hesitant at first, but, *fine*, Dream admits he finds that the smell suits George to an unholy degree; he’d dig his nose into his freshly-washed hair at any given opportunity. And, yes, the conditioner has made his own hair *much* softer, which George seems to appreciate. It’s almost everyday he finds pale, nimble fingers combing through his locks in some way or another.

George spares him a smile at the sight of his chosen bottles. “I’m so glad I’ve brought you to the light side,” he teases. “Still can’t believe you were using *that* for so long.” His face morphs into a grimace.

“It smells nice...” Dream tries half heartedly, because he *knows* it doesn’t smell nearly as good as the shampoo in his hands.

A scoff. “For a prepubescent teenage boy, maybe.”

“Oh, come on, it does *not*,” he exasperates, stepping back into George’s bubble. The latter just airily giggles at him.

The two share the loofa that’d been nestled behind the shaving cream, independently lathering body wash along residual sticky skin. Dream insists on scrubbing George’s back, which he accepts readily, eyes crinkling in fondness. It’s domestic, and strangely heartfelt; sharing such a tight space together, washing each other’s bodies, laughing in synch as Dream accidentally drops the slippery bottles more than once onto the shower floor.

They rinse together, smile together, *breathe* together. It’s perfect, and somewhat eye-opening; *just* how comfortable they are with one another.

Fond and loving, Dream faces George to tentatively cup the side of his neck, thumbing across the line of his jaw and the apple of his cheek. Fingers thread through wet, chestnut strands; soaked yet wholly inviting.

It’s as if the breath is stolen out of his lungs all at once, when George peers up at him through damp lashes. They’re clumped together, thick and dark and unbelievably *pretty*. The sparse freckles on his face seem to jump out at him; pronounced under the warm slats of sun filtering through the window.

Dream idly wonders if George looks at him the same way.

He feels his Adam’s apple bob harshly against the restrictive tautness of his throat, tasting his heart on his tongue.

“Can I finally get that kiss...?”

George eyes him curiously for a moment. “Why the hell do you keep asking me? We’ve been sucking face for, like, over a month now. You can kiss me whenever you want, dumbass.”

“I know! I know. I guess it’s still, like, *weird*, that I can kiss you and touch you whenever I want now, you know? When I’ve been holding back for so long, and I kinda got used to it being that way,” Dream explains.

He’s never been particularly good with this stuff.

George, on the other hand, has always been blunt and straightforward, but he’s hard to read emotionally; choosing to be closed-off in order to appear less vulnerable. Dream supposes he’s the opposite; an open book with an on-display heart and emotions worn on his sleeve. But he tends to overthink- to hold back on himself and his wants.

Whenever he’s like this, George is there, to pull him out of whatever abyss he’s thrown himself into, to call him an idiot and snap him from his thoughts, to bring him into *focus*. It’s why they work so well.

“I get that, but I’ve *told* you that I’m yours, like, a dozen times. So get out of your head and just...” George pauses his spiel to shuffle closer, running the flats of his hands over the hot planes of Dream’s stomach, leaning *in* and *in* until their lips brush, “take what *you* want.”

Breath catches in his throat. A newfound, foreign sort of hunger simmers below the cage of his chest, churning like an oncoming storm.

Greed. Desire. Lust.

It bubbles dangerously against the line of his lips until he can’t prevent it from slipping through the cracks.

“Alright, love.”

He catches the minute widening of brown eyes before their lips are mashed together, sliding slick and hot with pent-up yearning. George groans into Dream’s mouth when a tanned palm *squeezes*

the sinch of his waist.

The kiss feels *different*.

Feels like desperation, like boiling magma and pressure over pressure, like total starvation.

George tastes like mint toothpaste and saturated nebulas on the roof of Dream's mouth, and it's *addicting*. His tongue licks behind the brunet's teeth, drinking him in like he's dying from thirst. Curious hands flit along the barren slopes of Dream's hips. The goosebumps that break out over his arms spread like wildfire, and he fails to suppress a noise in the back of his throat when George presses their chests flush together.

He brings his free hand up to George's sternum. Without an ounce of hesitation, he rolls the ball of his palm over a rose-tinted nipple, grinding down *hard*. George opens his mouth in a gasp, and Dream sucks his lower lip between his teeth, biting down into reddened flesh. He delivers nips in synch with each grind of his palm.

God, Dream feels privileged to listen to George fall apart under such minor touches. A flash of pride shoots lightning through his mind at the thought that *he* did this. *He* made George a melted puddle of pleas and shivering limbs.

It isn't long until he feels something prodding into his upper thigh; the flush across George's chest multiplying with mounting lust.

"Dream, please," he breathes against Dream's parted lips, drinking in each other's air. His hips twitch against the blond's, growing erection sliding where a strong thigh meets navel.

Dream pauses. George's own words ricochet like a bullet in his ears, '*Take what you want.*'

What *does* he want?

He considers this for a moment, pulling away and looking down at the *love of his life*, panting and needy and *his*. Truthfully, he wants to make George feel good. Wants to quell his shakes with pleasure and watch him come undone, worship him like the last man on earth. But the selfish part of him whispers like a devil in his ear. Because he also craves to make his boy *crumble*, to observe as he melts into a mess and *begs* for his touch.

Dream's never allowed himself to indulge, never allowed himself to love George in a different way than what they're used to. It's new, and it's *daunting*.

But so, *so* tempting.

The bud between his fingertips hardens with each pass over its sensitive nerves, and Dream tugs at it until George's nails claw at his skin. The pain works *wonders*.

"*George*," Dream murmurs, leaning back in to nibble on his earlobe. Another shudder wracks through George's body. A wet stripe stains the pale column of his throat, mouth halting to hover right above his lover's.

George looks *desperate*, under a hazy spell of lust and vulnerable exposure. "Dream- please, touch me, *please*."

Instead of kissing his cheeks, wiping built up tears away, and complying, Dream instead smirks fiendishly, a devilish glint to his eye.

"Turn around," Dream orders, surprising himself with the unwavering steadiness in his tone. It seems to do something to George, with the way he nearly stumbles in his haste to comply, spinning around until his front faces the glass wall.

Every nerve in George's body seems to be on fire; limbs quivering as desire digs trenches into his skin.

Dream finds it cute. Because the boy's mind seems to be prepared for something he's not going to receive.

At least, not right away.

Instead, Dream traces two fingertips down the length of his spine, ingraining each well-known bump and groove to his memory. He turns his hand around to squeeze the flesh of George's ass, just to hear an impatient moan slip from between chewed lips. He arches into it a bit, hands flying up to brace himself against the fogged glass wall.

“More, come *on*, Dream,” he whines.

But Dream just clicks his tongue a few times, and removes his palm entirely. George seems confused, mouth opening to vehemently protest. That is, before he feels something cold pool on the crest of his head.

There’s a muffled *click* of a cap snapping shut, and suddenly there’s two hands in his hair, massaging fingertips into his scalp and combing through knots.

Oh.

“You’re fucking *joking*,” George curses.

And Dream *laughs*. Wheezes that breathy giggle of his with zero remorse, and George feels himself grow red hot with embarrassment.

“What? I’m just helping you like I said I would,” Dream says, an obvious, shit-eating smirk cradling his words.

George grumbles, straightening his spine to grant Dream easier access to his scalp. “No, you’re being a *dick*.”

The hands in his hair rub in gentle circles, unhurried; sifting front to back and lathering until soap slides along the slope of his neck, down, down until it swirls down the drain.

Dream laughs again, tilting George’s head back until it rests on his shoulder.

“Shut up and relax, idiot. Let me take care of you, and you’ll get what you want if you’re good.”

Dream’s movements stutter for a second.

Oh god. Did he really just say that? His face scrunches up at his own words.

He thinks he hears George's breath catch in his throat.

"If I'm- if I'm *good*? Who the hell are you and what've you done to Dream," George jokes. There's a sort of shakiness to his inflection as he says this, but it's so slight that it's easy to miss.

The blond's face is *scarlet* by his uncharacteristic slip up, and instead of responding, he opts to focus on washing George's hair. His eyes have slipped shut, melding the line of his body back into Dream's front. Tan hands slow, targeting the roots, digging in deep and tender with their touches.

"*Fuck...*"

The curse is quiet, but Dream hears it loud and clear.

Finger pads rub against George's temples as suds build along the line of narrow shoulders and slender elbows. The man lets out a content sigh.

"Oh my *god*... I wasn't lying wh'n I said you're good wit' your hands..."

Dream just hums, feeling George's weight completely *melt* into him; trusting and lax. Eventually, despite dragging it out, Dream stops to lather some in his own hair. He doesn't miss the frustrated noise from George, who's still leaning against the blond's broad chest.

"Hey, we gotta rinse now, Georgie," he says, running both hands beneath the spray of water to rid of lingering suds.

George emits a compliant sound, eyes still closed, and lets his body be guided under the shower without complaint. Gently, Dream tips his head beneath the hot stream of water, running deft fingers through chestnut locks to flush the soap out. There's another pleasant hum, and warmth expands beneath Dream's chest at the sound.

Forest green eyes observe beads of water glimmering on alabaster skin, the flutter of lashes against cherry cheeks, the defined tendons of his throat and collarbones, stretched and taut. Without really

realizing it, Dream finds himself gazing downwards, past the swell of his chest to the plush expanse of his belly, latching onto the dark trail at his navel...

Dream snaps his eyes back up.

Oh my god, calm down.

After rinsing his own hair, the two inch away from the water again, returning to their spot near the glass wall. But, this time, Dream lathers conditioner, instead. The slick substance is eased through knots and tangles at his leisure.

Noticing the absence of George's voice, Dream whispers a prompt to the emptiness of steamy air.

"Still with me, baby?"

The question seems to startle George out of his reverie for a second, lids opening just a *sliver* to show his consciousness.

"Yeah, you're jus'... *really* good at tha'..." he murmurs. "Hands are s'big... feel nice..."

George's legs tremble slightly against Dream's knees, as if they're too weak to hold him up. Odd familiarity strikes perplexion through now-wary fingertips, and they halt in place.

That's...

Dream's heart stutters for a moment as a spike of anxiety flits through his system. Worried lines etch onto his face as he tilts George's face more into his line of sight.

"Hey," he says, noting a slight glaze to George's brown-hued irises, "are you gonna have a sleep attack? Because we've gotta get out, 'cause I do *not* wanna see you slip and fall and hurt yourself or something-"

"Dream."

Oh.

The word uttered had been *clear*; in focus and decidedly *not* sleep-affected.

George is gnawing on his lip, a confused expression lining his flushed features. His eyes dart everywhere but Dream's, and it's *strange*.

“D’nno wha’s wrong wit’ me, Dreamie... not... a sleep attack, I don’ think...” he slurs, obviously a bit lost with his body’s unconscious actions. “I jus’... wan’ you t’ keep touching me, *please*.”

This is startlingly new, and slightly scary, as Dream tries to convince himself it’s *not* a sleep attack. Because his anxiety still spikes whenever George’s knees knock with his. He *knows* George understands his body better than him; that he’s been doing this all his life, dealing with the ins-and-outs of his sleep disorder.

Despite this, it’s still difficult to swallow down his worry.

“You sure?” Dream frets, carefully guiding George under the spray of water to rinse once more.

“Mm,” George hums back, “m sure. I jus’ wanna be good for you...”

Dream blinks, hands halting in their mission to rid George’s hair of conditioner. His own words echo inside the hollow of his head, ringing loud in his ears,

‘*You’ll get what you want as long as you’re good.*’

Oh, shit.

And suddenly, realization sparks lighting through his neurons. He’d accidentally triggered something foreign and dormant in George, something that both men were unaware of. But the behavior, the words, all familiarize themselves in a cluster at the back of Dream’s brain, searching, searching, *searching*.

It lands on something he'd investigated on the internet a few months ago.

"Baby," Dream says in a lowered tone, bringing them away from the shower and letting hot palms settle on a slim waist, "are you subby for me?"

George gasps at this, hands flying to interlock with the larger ones on his hips, gripping *tight*.

"I- I d'nno wha' tha' means..." His fingernails weakly scramble at golden flesh, hasty and desperate.

And, *fuck*, this is *not* normal for them.

They've never discussed, nor shown an ounce of interest in this sort of stuff. Dream's too gentle, too *hesitant*, with George to be anything close to 'dominating'. Yet, the brunet *had* always gone pliant and willing under his touch, whether it was while they kissed late in the evening, or when Dream squeezed his thighs, or as he'd whisper sweet nothings and love confessions into the shell of his ear.

If George wanted to be worshipped, to be ordered around, *dammit*, he'd try for him.

Hot breaths fall on the sensitive skin of George's sunburnt shoulder. His palms squeeze the downy-soft skin of his belly, dragging down, down, ever-so-slowly. George whimpers a bit, muscles twitching violently beneath plush paleness.

"George," Dream pauses to suck on the jut of George's collarbone, and nails scrape into the back of his hands. "Do you- do you want me to take care of you? Make you feel good?"

Without an ounce of hesitation, George nods deliriously, head turning to bury into the concave of Dream's neck.

"Yes, yes, yes, Dream, *please, pl'se...*"

Fighting down unintentional embarrassment, Dream kisses George's jawline, whispering, "You wanna be a good boy for me, baby?"

He feels utterly *stupid* saying these things, but it *doesn't matter*.

Because George absolutely *shatters*.

Like porcelain against kitchen tiles, he breaks and quivers in Dream's arms, knees giving out and lips parting in a silent moan.

"*Yes, yes, wanna be good f'r you, Dreamie, 'm good f'r you, 'm good,*" he babbles, chest heaving with each breathless word.

And *fuck*, Dream has to physically squeeze his eyes shut to negate the feeling of his heart positively *melting* inside the cage of his ribs. Because George is so *painfully* endearing in every way to Dream. He finds new ways to bring the blond to his knees all the time; it doesn't take much, truly.

But then George pauses, stiffening in his arms as a look of puzzlement and frustration overtakes his features. "*Clay, I f-feel w-weird. Not- not normal.*" He stops, unsteady in his inflection. "*I-It's like I can't... I d'nno... wha's happening.*"

Dream exhales knowingly, and supports George's weight when he collapses further. "*I'm gonna sit you on the ledge over there and then I'm all yours, okay? Just keep talking to me, yeah?*" Dream says this as he guides the brunet to the unused granite bench in the corner, hardly disturbed by the spray of water at the other end.

George murmurs a quiet '*okay*', and soon after he's sat gently onto the chilled, solid surface of the ledge.

Getting a good look at his face, it's obvious the feeling of falling into a subby mindset is new to him; confusion trapped behind lust-riddled eyes. He looks up at Dream like he somehow has all the answers, hair falling in front of his eyes in wet, disorderly strands.

"*Fuck, wha' the hell 's wrong wit' me,*" George curses to himself. He brings a palm up to dig his forehead into, threading nimble fingers in his hair and *yanking* with frustration.

Immediately, Dream is there to soothe the embers beneath George's skin, encouragingly stroking his thigh and simmering the flame. The other hand gently removes the pale one embedded in his hair, and they interlock as if it's second nature.

"Nothing's wrong with you, George. This is just... new, and intense, for both of us, I guess."

George blinks at him. Ivory teeth chew divots into redded lips; a nervous habit. "M sorry, I've never... felt like th's before." He pauses to tighten his grip on Dream's hand. A smile tugs at his lips when he receives a squeeze back. "Can we- can we wait 'til I feel normal again? Don' wanna be like this when you- when we- do th's for the first time and- *mmph*."

He's cut off by the warm press of skin against his lips when Dream stands between his legs and brings him forward into an awkward half-hug. Regardless, and with a cheek mashed against Dream's abdomen, George brings his hands up to wrap around the torso he finds.

The contact is grounding; exactly what he needs.

"Take as long as you need, okay?" Dream tells him, forearms rested against the ridges of pale, sparsely-freckled shoulders.

For a few moments, the atmosphere seems to shift; definition blurred through a haze of clouds and bodies so light it's as if they're floating. The thunder of showering droplets on rock disintegrates into the background.

It's just them.

Breathing, calming, soothing.

The world is almost so still they could fall asleep where they stand; cemented to the earth, forever entwined. Long since have the insecurities of showering together been dissolved, replaced by the sweltering heat of adoration and unbridled trust. It stands formidable and sturdy; a testament to their relationship.

And three minutes is all George needs. All he needs to crack a slight smile and shift to stare up at

Dream's affection-riddled face.

"Hi," he says, voice soft and hushed.

"Hey."

Dream responds equally as gentle, sliding both palms upwards to cup George's freckled cheeks. He lowers, tacking a chapped-lipped kiss next to where his thumb rests. Their mouths meet briefly in an unhurried embrace, fingers stroking skin and twin smiles reflecting symmetrical.

They part, and Dream brushes aside George's wet fringe. "You okay?"

"Mhm," George hums back, watching, content, as the blond bends to a crouch, settling on his calves. Large hands brace against pale knees, drifting across planes of smooth, unblemished skin.

Their eyes seem to lock for an unprecedented amount of time.

Dream looks like he wants to say something, lips parting but being quickly bitten back by sharp teeth. There's a growing stain to his cheeks and chest as well, creeping down his neck, painting his normally-tanned skin a lovely wine-red. Somehow George doesn't think it's from the steam in the air.

"Dream," the brunet starts, mirth on his tongue, "just say what you wanna say, dummy."

And all George can do is *stare*, when Dream doesn't respond. Instead, he ever-so-slowly lets his body fall out of a crouch, onto his *knees*.

Between George's legs.

He blinks, shocked, mouth agape as danger flashes behind amber irises. "What- what are you- Dream, I- "

The sentence gets lodged in his throat, body and mind unsteady as he *thinks*. Thinks about what

sort of things Dream has planned for him, about his pink, enthrallingly-desirable lips, about freckles buried under a coating of translucent white.

At the same time, Dream *also* thinks.

He thinks George looks *ethereal* from this angle, all sharp jaw and flushed face, speckled with drying droplets and a sheen of condensation settling along the v-line of his stomach. A v-line that he eyes with unrestrained hunger.

He's sure George catches him staring.

But he's already here, on his knees, willing to let George stare as much as he'd like. It doesn't stop him from feeling nervous fluttering deep in his core; a bashful stutter to his heart thickening saliva to syrup at the back of his throat. He rests a cheek on George's knee, stroking the outside of each thigh with shaky palms.

"George," he says this with a kiss to the inside of his leg, glancing up through hooded eyes, "can I suck you off?" Another kiss. "If- if that's okay?"

He says it like he's prepared. Like he's done this before, like he isn't nervous as hell and churning his insides up with frantic butterflies. There was only one man he'd give his firsts to, and that man happened to be looking down at him with a renewed motive of lust.

It only affirms that he wants to do this, *needs* to do this, for George.

And apparently, the man above him thinks the same, with the way he twitches in front of his face, hardening from the mere *thought* of Dream's mouth on him.

"I'd be crazy to say no, wouldn't I?" George chuckles, tone shaky with nerves.

Dream shakes his head, and the wet bristles of his hair brush the sensitive skin of George's thigh. "You can say no, Georgie. It's all up to you, okay?"

A wavering hand threads through honeyed locks, gripping hesitantly. "I want you to, 'm just- " His

lips purse, searching for words.

“-nervous?” Dream offers. “Because I am, too. Haven’t really done this before.”

George cocks an eyebrow. “Well, I mean, as long as you don’t bite my dick off I think we’ll be good.”

“*George!*” With a hearty laugh, Dream scooches forward a bit. “You’re such an idiot!”

“What? Couldn’t that happen, technically?” George presses teasingly, breathing hard when Dream grips the insides of his thighs to push them further apart.

“*Technically?* Yes,” Dream muses, “but this isn’t a cheesy horror film, George. I’ll be careful. Just tell me if you want me to stop, okay?”

George leans back on one palm, using the other to brush whatever part of Dream he can reach, just to feel closer than they already are. “Yeah, I will. But can you get on with it already, my dick hurts.”

With that, and a snort of choked amusement from Dream, the situation becomes suddenly all-too *real*.

Because despite Dream’s pride, he’ll admit he’s *anxious*. So, *so* anxious. To please, to worship, to love in a new way.

He stalls for a bit by admiring the downy-softness of the fat lining George’s inner thighs, mouthing over every section he can with a greedy tongue, sucking an array of bruises onto such private, hidden areas. Slowly, he inches forwards, tongue laving slick spit over alabaster skin until he reaches the valley between navel and thigh.

George’s legs tense at the warm proximity to his arousal, thighs involuntarily clamping shut around Dream’s head. And *shit*, it feels strangely *hot*, to the point where Dream can’t hold back a muffled groan.

Oh, god, that's new.

But, the added pressure hinders his mobility, and Dream can't have that.

George whines uncharacteristically when two hands easily force quivering thighs back apart, settling at the crux of his knees to keep them put.

“Stay,” Dream breathes into mottled skin, glancing up to find George nodding compliantly.

It makes something churn like the rolling of waves upon the shore; scratching an itch he didn't know was there. He finds he quite likes it when George listens to him without an ounce of protest. Perhaps it strokes his Leo's ego, or strikes a match against his pride, but either way, it encourages him stronger than any physical force could.

Dream's mouth laves southwards a bit, lifting the leg closest to him upwards to gain access to more of his pristine canvas, primed to be decorated with violet and blueberry paint. The shift in weight causes George to lean backwards into the cool tile of the wall.

“God, *Dream*.” He says this through a muffled whine. It's delightful, how he allows himself to be pliantly positioned however Dream so wishes.

The hand in Dream's hair digs its finger pads into his scalp and *pulls*, just slightly. A pleasurable burn chases fire down his spine, licking the flames in his stomach and sending blood rushing south, and *wow, okay*.

He likes that. He *really* likes that.

Needless to say, Dream's learning a lot about himself.

It isn't until George's leg is pushed practically to his chest that Dream realizes he's been subtly inching it upwards. The new expanse of flesh practically *begs* him to take it in his mouth, and he readily obliges.

George lets out the loveliest noise when Dream merely *brushes* against his cock, and *fuck*, he needs

to hear more of it.

A dirty, *dirty* thought manifests itself when emerald eyes scan between George's thighs. It's almost deplorable, in some aspects, how he feels starved by the mere *sight*. He wants to lick, taste, bite, *suck* every inch he sees, and it's *so dirty*, the way he feels.

"George, I..." the words die on his tongue, embarrassment hammering obscenities within his brain. He swallows; spit, pride, embarrassment, *all* of it. "I kind of, uhm, want to- to taste you."

The brunet gives him a weird look at that. "Then why don't you suck my dick already, instead of teasing me, *asshole*."

Dream shakes his head, biting his lip to quell his flusteredness before pushing the other leg upwards as well. He hopes George gets the hint, when his face practically bursts into flames. "No, not- not like that, babe."

Realization falls starkly upon rounded features, a brilliant blush scalding blanched skin.

"Oh," he breathes out. "*Oh.*"

Dream offers a sheepish smile.

"Is that- is that okay? If you don't like it just tell me to stop but I, uhm, think it'll feel good." His heart is raging a storm behind the cage of his ribs, and Dream feels he'll *die* if he doesn't get his mouth on George within the next few seconds.

Said man seems to give in with a nod despite being mildly hesitant, and leans back nonetheless, hooking heels onto the edge of the granite ledge. It's a bit slippery, but his soles find purchase in the subtle grooves of the rock.

"This 's embarrassing..." he mutters, bashfully burying his face in his still-sunburnt shoulder.

But Dream almost full-on *moans* at the sight of George like this; trembling legs spread wide, hickeys blooming against the paleness of his flesh, cock twitching where it rests, a sensitive ring of

muscle peeking from between plush cheeks.

“*God, George,*” Dream groans, “you’re so fucking pretty.”

He gives no warning before grabbing both inner thighs and *spreading* the flesh to lick a stripe between them, passing over George’s most sensitive parts. And George doesn’t even have time to *moan* before Dream’s face is buried between his legs, a wet, *hot* sensation sidling against his rim, striking a pool of lust with fervor.

It makes them both feel unbelievably *dirty*, despite the soap bottles scattered around the tiled floor.

George is *panting*; drooling tongue lolled between parted lips. The hand in Dream’s hair tugs and tugs and *tugs*, until the blond is emitting small gasps and hums with each sinful swipe of his tongue. A tongue that dares to breach inside of him, applying more and *more* pressure, teasing whispered promises, until, *finally*, it slips in.

The intrusion is a bit startling, but Dream groans into it nonetheless. The wet muscle flicks and pumps in and out at a leisurely pace, pulling out to *suck* the skin into a greedy mouth. Hands grip tight enough to leave small, circular bruises where they dig into marred thighs, and the combination seems to drive George *insane*.

“*Fuck, Dream, oh my god-* ” He’s cut off by a sharp moan, tumbling off pink lips and filtering through Dream’s ears. “I c-can’t believe you’re eating my fucking *ass*, after I just *showered*, fuck y-you.”

And Dream can’t help but laugh a bit at the absurdity of the comment. But he expects nothing less from George, after all.

The laugh sends vibrations that leave the brunet a melted *puddle* of nerves, another moan rattling against the barren shower walls, reverberating in both their ears before melding with the echoing sound of water. Leaning back, Dream blows a puff of cool air on the quivering skin he’d been occupying, raptly watching as George’s entire body tenses, a punched-out noise leaving the exhale of his nose.

“You say that like you *don’t* like it,” Dream says as he presses kisses over each mark he’s left. Worshipping the body above him might as well be his full-time job, at this point. “But I know you do.”

George juts his lower lip out. “I never said that.”

“*Please. You implied it.*”

“How?”

Dream sends a deadpan stare George’s way, gently coaxing his legs back down to rest soles on the cool floor. His gaze flickers down to the embarrassingly-large pool of precum gathering at the dip of George’s belly, right where the tip rests, untouched.

With a hand, he gestures to it vaguely.

And yeah, *okay*, George sputters at that, just a bit.

“Shut up. Just- just shut *up*,” he stumbles through his sentence. “You had your fun now can you *please* do what you said you would?” His expression morphs into something akin to desperation, though it’s gone as soon as it came.

“Oh, so *now* you want my mouth, I see how it is.” Dream can’t resist the opportunity to tease.

And George’s lovely face just forms an amused smirk, disbelievingly shaking his head. “You’re so dumb.”

Dream returns the smile with equal genuineness, before sitting up on his knees to press a kiss near the head of George’s length. It pulses at his touch, and he glances up to see his boy shyly looking to the side.

So cute.

“You’re so cute,” Dream comments, taking George in his hand and stroking slow and controlled. He rests a cheek against one of his thighs. “Every part of you is beautiful, George. Wish you could see how pretty you are.”

He's breathing, *hard*, at the stimulation, but still finds it in himself to offer Dream a smile. "Stop," he drags the 'o' out in dramatic, George-like fashion.

As if to enforce his point, Dream sears red-hot, open-mouthed kisses along the underside of his flushed cock, half-lidded eyes maintaining contact with the lust-filled ones above him.

"You deserve to be worshipped, George." He reaches the tip, darting his tongue out to swipe across the slit, hand still languidly pumping the rest. "I just love you, so much *it hurts*." The whisper sends George careening into a smitten-glazed pool, a whimper flying off the seam of his chewed lips.

"Let me show you." Dream says this with precum on his lips. It drips, sticky and mixed with spit.

Green and brown clash.

George caves fast. It's impossible *not* to, when it's *Dream*, on his knees; willing, adoring, and equipped with a heavenly mouth.

"Please."

When Dream *finally* takes the head between a loving smile, dripping sin down the expanse of needy skin like hot magma, George *crumbles*. Crumbles like the demolition of a dam; cracking at the seams and splitting down the middle, and he does not go quietly. Instead, moan after moan lines the inner walls of his throat, bubbling up without restraint. It's a never-ending flow of pent-up pleasure, released when Dream digs his tongue into the slit and takes half of him in his mouth. When he laves around a defined vein on the underside, when he whines at George's incessant yanking of blond hair, when he allows pretty, *pretty* tears to leave their home at his waterline, overflowing down reddened cheeks.

It's dirty, it's nerve-wracking, it's *perfect*.

They're both still slick with water, droplets clinging to every inch of skin, mimicking rhinestones when the sunlight catches them just right.

George knows he's not going to last long. Somehow, he can tell Dream knows it, too.

It's impossible to hold back, not when his best friend has both eyes closed, cheek lewdly poking out where the dick in his mouth protrudes and honey lashes tickling tear-tracked cheeks as he *moans* into each suck, as if it's the best thing he's ever tasted. Tousled, damp hair falls messily over his sweat-beaded forehead, and George can't resist pulling on it.

He can see Dream's hips stuttering with each tug on his roots, whimpering quietly around George's cock when he fails to find friction.

But truly, Dream doesn't care about that. His focus is on *George; his pleasure, his noises, him.*

All him.

Daringly, the man on his knees takes more and *more* down his throat, struggling to stave off the constriction of his throat. Tears prick at the corners of his eyes, and he *swallows*.

The influx of tight, velvety heat makes George *twitch* violently in Dream's mouth. But the movement defocuses him a bit, and he chokes, squeezing wet eyes shut as he gags around the intrusion in his mouth.

And *fuck*, George is embarrassed to admit just how *hot* that is.

But he assists Dream in pulling off, nonetheless. Spit dribbles from puffy lips onto the shower floor, obscenely sliding down his chin. A single strand connects his lower lip to the head of George's dick, but he severs it quickly with a swipe of his precum-laden tongue.

“*God, D-Dream, are you okay?*” George says this as he trembles violently. But he refuses to acknowledge it, flustered by the fact he'd been so close already, accelerated from Dream's messy misstep.

“Yeah, ‘m fine, babe,” he rasps, voice grainy and low and *ruined*.

A spike of gratification races through his mind at George's shiver, doe eyes going blank at the

sound of his tone. His dick noticeably jumps where it rests. “*Oh, you like that, don’t you?*”

George panics a bit, pursing his lips. “Like *what?*”

An attractive smile lifts the corners of Dream’s mouth.

“My voice, how it’s all ruined ‘cause of you.”

A large, spit-slicked palm begins pumping George in earnest, lewd sounds echoing around the room. Dream watches as his Adam’s apple bobs with a gulp.

“You’re s-so- so full of y-yourself,” George whimpers.

And it’s meant to be a jab at his pride, but it falls drastically short when he’s a moaning *mess*, all because of *Dream*.

“Only because you sound like *that*.” His fist speeds up. “Such pretty noises, baby. You’re so sensitive- love it, love *you*.”

He gives zero warning before bringing his hand to the base and deep-throating George once more, this time quickly pulling off before setting a rhythm with each bob of his head. The mere *sight* is nearly enough to send George off the edge.

“*Fuck!* Dream, m’close,” he moans, thighs flexing to hold off from thrusting into the heat around him. Primal desires bubble to the surface, and George can feel himself slipping back into the needy mindset he’d been in before. But this time, it’s welcoming; readily embracing the feeling with easy willingness.

“*Oh, g-god-*” George whines loudly, weakly yanking at Dream’s hair to pull him off. “*Pl’se, Clay, w-wanna- hah-* on your f-face, *please, pl’se...*”

For a moment, Dream goes still, eyes going wide.

Holy fuck, did he actually just say that?

Almost not believing his ears, and with a ringing *pop*, Dream releases the suction on the head of his cock, peering up at him with a look of disbelief.

He easily recognizes the glazed lust in his eyes, and falters a bit.

“George, I don’t know if- ”

But George wipes his worries clean with a harsh *tug* of blond locks, tears pooling like crystals at the corners of swimming brown eyes in his desperation.

“*No! ‘M fine, Dr’m, I need t’ cum, pl’se let me, let me, let me, let me,*” he begs, *pleads*, at Dream, nearly sobbing at the possibility of being denied. “*I’ve been good, good f’r you, please.*”

And who was Dream to say no to the deity above him, begging so endearingly, so *perfectly* down at him.

“You have, baby. Been so good for me, of course I’ll let you,” Dream ensures, jerking him quickly with a palm. He obediently aims George at his face without hesitation, decorating the tip with encouraging kitten-licks.

George is *gasping*; squirming in his seat and gnawing into the meaty part of his palm to stifle moan after whimper after whine.

“Clay, call me- *call me- oh fuck-* ”

Despite being unable to finish his sentence, Dream immediately catches on. His face heats up again, but it’s easier to brush embarrassment aside when George is looking at him like he holds the universe in his palm, adoring and sickly-sweet.

“You’re such a good boy, George,” he murmurs, low and rough the way he knows George likes his voice, “*My good boy. Perfect and wonderful and beautiful, so good. Cum on me, baby.*”

And as tears finally fall down George's cheeks, spine going rimrod straight, and thighs clamping around Dream's head, ropes of cum finally paint tan skin white. It pools around a divot of raw lips and his right eye, clumping on blond lashes, stickily connecting with the bit that'd landed in a strand of hair.

Dream feels it dripping down his cheek. It's filthy, yet foreign arousing, when he darts his tongue out to lap up the cum at the corner of his lips.

It's bitter and salty, a tang of *George* coating his taste buds. He swallows it down with ease.

The mess of a man sitting in front of him is breathing *hard*, coming down from his high and eyes roving across Dream's messed face. His thighs eventually unlatch, freeing the blond's head and allowing him to move his neck.

“Y-You look...” George sucks in a lungful of air, still gasping as though he'd run a marathon, “you look disgusting.”

Dream just laughs, shaking his head and glaring at him with his unafflicted eye. “You’re horrible, George, what the hell? I just let you cum *on my face*, and *this* is how I’m repaid?”

George's face goes *scarlet* at that, as the reality of the situation sinks in. He breaks eye contact and groans a little. “Oh my *g-god*, can’t believe you let me do th’t, Dream.”

The man in question just shrugs, indifferent.

“It was hot. I didn’t mind,” he says matter-of-factly. Moving his mouth, he can distinctly feel where bits have started to dry.

Ew.

“Although, *yeah*, it feels kinda gross, so let me wash it off. I’ll help you back to the room and we can take care of your sunburn.”

Dream rises unsteadily, knees aching and already bruised at their apex. He stretches a bit where his muscles have cramped up, wincing when a zip of pain races up his spine. “Ow, *shit*, that hurts.”

George lightheartedly scoffs. “Tha’s what you get for wanting t’ suck me off in the shower.”

There’s a roll to Dream’s eyes, and then he’s turned around, stepping into the spray of water to rinse the drying liquid off his brow and cheek. George allows himself to finally catch his breath, leaning backwards and observing as Dream slicks his hair back (the same way he’d said he likes it) and grabs a bit of shampoo to get rid of the bit of release in his hair.

He finds his eyes traveling across planes of hot, tanned skin, and almost chokes on his spit when he *realizes*.

“*Dream*.”

Said man looks to his side, both hands lathering suds into his hair. He throws a questioning, puzzled expression his way.

“You didn’t- ” George fumbles, “you didn’t, uhm...”

“Oh!” Dream’s eyebrows shoot up, yet he continues to wash up like he’s *not* still sporting the most painful-looking boner between his thighs. “I’ll take care of it. I think we made your sunburn worse, by the way, since you were, uhm, rubbing against the wall. I think it’s peeling in some places.”

George’s jaw drops open a little. “Why the hell are we talking about my sunburn? Y-You’re not gonna let me help you? After all *that*? ”

There’s a beat of silence as Dream mulls it over. He douses himself in the water once more, rinsing the suds out and letting them swirl down the drain. “I’m- okay, how do I say this without being weird. I guess I’m more of a- a giver? Rather than a receiver? With you, I mean. Not always.” As he shuts the water off and wrings his hair dry with his hands, he goes a bit red, before hastily grabbing the towels and returning. “I like making you feel good, like, a *lot*. Makes *me* feel good too, if that makes sense.”

George still looks to be in disbelief. “But, like, you don’t want *any* help? *Nothing*? With *that*? ”

The blond scratches the back of his neck absently with his free hand. “About that...” he starts, tossing George the off white towel, “I sorta... *had* an idea? But it might be weird, I dunno.”

The cream fabric is dragged over a crown of dark hair as George dries and fluffs it out. “Dream, you literally *ate my ass* today. I think I can take some weird shit. So just tell me.”

At this, Dream purses his lips. He’s contemplating just getting it over with, but something about saying it *out loud* just sits wrong on his tongue. He opts to dry off to the best of his ability, crouching to help George as well.

“Well, I could just, uhm, *show* you?” The brunet still looks confused. “Just- just wait, you’ll see. It’s nothing *horrible*, just... different.” He offers a smirk. “Who knows? Maybe you’ll like it.”

It’s a short trip from the shower to the bed, but it doesn’t stop George from nearly tripping over himself every step of the way; limbs laced with jelly and muscles trembling with vice. Dream makes fun of him a bit, but half-carries his weak body without hesitation anyway. When George is seated on the edge, he practically *collapses* into it, boneless. A hand goes to reach for the dresser, presumably to grab some clothes, but Dream clears his throat before he can.

George doesn’t protest, but quirks his brow up in question anyway.

“What?”

“Dont, uhm, put on anything.” He cringes at the suddenness of his own words. “Okay, that- that sounded *weird*, I just- for the- for the thing I wanted to try, you can’t have- you know what, nevermind, this is weird, you can just- ”

“*Dream*,” George interjects, chuckling behind a palm. He hides his mouth when he laughs, sometimes, and Dream’s heart skips a beat when he notices. “I don’t *care*. It’s fine, baby. We can try whatever you want, okay? Just tell me what you need from me.”

George’s words loosen the tense muscles in Dream’s shoulders, a puff of relieved air leaving his lungs in a rush.

“O-Okay, that’s good. Just, uhm,” Dream pauses, still a little flustered, “lay on your front.”

Immediately, George obliges, shuffling to the center of the bed and lying down on his stomach, turning his cheek into the pillow beneath his head to peek where Dream stands. “Now what?”

“Now,” George narrows his eyes in confusion as Dream pauses and turns heel, back into the bathroom, before returning with aloe and lotion in tow, “I’m gonna make your sunburn feel better.” There’s an easygoing smile painted on his lips, stretching over an ivory set of teeth.

“*What?*” The brunet gapes as Dream makes his way to the bed, clambering on until the mattress dips at his side. He props himself up a bit to send a bewildered look to the man above him. “Dream, I thought we were gonna- *mmpf-*”

But an abrupt kiss is pressed to his lips before he can scold him, effectively shutting him up. It’s brief, lovely, and thick with sugar. A large palm splays on the center of his back, coaxing him to lie flat once more. They part, and Dream murmurs, mouths brushing, “Shush. Let me do what I need to do. Just relax for me, ‘kay?”

Realizing he’s going to be left to flounder in the dark, George sighs, relenting and bonelessly melting into the comforter.

“*Fine*, whatever.”

A light kiss is delivered to the crest of his shoulder. “Thank you, Georgie.”

The nickname makes him groan, and he buries his face in the baby blue pillow beneath his head. The room goes comfortably silent after this, just the subtle whir of the air conditioner and rustle of sheets whispering in tendrils through the still air.

Effectively blind to what Dream’s motives are, George can’t help but practically *jump* out of his skin when he feels the weight next to him shift to the other side of the bed.

Or... wait.

That can't be right.

George scrunches up his face as he tries to rationalize *why* he can sense a portion of Dream's weight on either side of him. He's about to open his mouth; break the silence and force Dream to just *tell* him already, but his train of thought abruptly *shatters*, when the weight shifts *again*, then finally settles .

Right onto the backs of his thighs.

Eyes wide and a bit shocked, George grips the comforter between startled fingers, trying and failing to not focus on where skin meets skin, where tan meets pale, where *Dream* is fucking *straddling* him.

“Dream, what’re you-”

His words catch like claws in his throat when unexpected hands roam along the ridges of his thoracic spine, dipping low to the dimples at his tailbone, back up to the apex of both shoulder blades.

George *shivers*. Being unable to see what Dream is doing has more of an effect on him than he'd thought.

And clearly, Dream is enjoying it, given the gentle, amused laughs he lets out whenever George jolts at the slightest touch. The sensitivity of the brunet's body seems to be heightened even more than it already is, and it makes Dream feel *starved*. Each tremble, jump, and squirm from the boy below him encourages the persistent devil upon his shoulder to whisper and plant ideas in his brain.

But instead, he clears his mind while he still can, taking a few deep breaths.

The perspective below him is a new one, but also so, *so* welcome. George has the softest, roundest slopes to his body, yet each is still lined with the taut, lean muscle of a man. Freckles sparsely decorate the blanched, defined skin; smattered like constellations in an inverted onyx sky. His shoulders taper smoothly into the curve of his waist, leading down, down, to narrow hips and squeezable thighs.

But despite all this, Dream's eyes stay locked on the wisps of damp curls adorning George's marked neck. Ever since the day on the couch, he's looked at his hair differently. Observing its growth, its ability to form gentle waves, its soft thickness, so unlike his own.

Throughout this whole ordeal of George moving to Florida, it's stayed the same; uncut, growing with the time he's spent here.

It's noticeably shaggier than it had been since he arrived, and for some reason, it makes Dream's heart *soar*.

Because he's been *here*, with him, for so long.

He leans down, peppering deep kisses along the knobs of his spine, up, up, to the base of his nape. His nose digs a home into the nest of wet curls there, inhaling artificial flowers and rain-drenched soil.

The more time he spends here, the more he smells like the aftermath of a storm.

“George, before I do anything, I need to ask...” Dream pauses, lips grazing the alert shell of George's ear, “...if you're good to go again.”

At this, George catches his lower lip between his teeth.

“Why?”

“Because I don't know if I can hold myself back from touching you,” Dream mumbles before nipping on the soft skin of the brunet's earlobe, tongue running along the edge teasingly. “You can tell me to stop at any point, but I didn't know if it'd be too much all at once- or... I just- I just don't wanna make you uncomfortable.”

Dream buries his forehead into a warm shoulder blade, running hot palms along George's sides.

George smiles into his pillow, turning his head a bit to grab hold of one of Dream's hands, bringing it up to his lips and reassuringly kissing his palm.

“Do whatever you want, Dream. I trust you.”

And George knows Dream’s grinning. Because he can feel the gentle curve of lips against his back.

“Okay.”

The word’s soft; so soft it’s almost just a mere vibration against George’s skin, but it’s all that needs to be said.

There’s the gentle *click* of a cap opening, then soft laughs when an air bubble makes itself known as the bottle’s squeezed, and then, there’s a cool, wet sensation running along George’s back.

He flinches, of course. It’s pleasant, but still startling.

“You couldn’t have warmed it up before doing that?” Dream just giggles. “*Prick.*”

But the palms on his shoulders continue leisurely, smoothing lotion into the afflicted, dry patches of skin. Careful fingers focus on where skin peels up, rubbing small circles with just enough pressure to get the job done. Several slats of sun have fallen upon the expanse of George’s back. Warmth seeps into both men’s bones, fingerpads churning up sunlight and mixing luminosity with slicked lotion.

George feels himself *melt* into the mattress. It’s impossible not to, when Dream’s hands are on him; loving and explorative, digging into tense muscle and drifting across planes of smooth skin.

He lets out a noisy exhale when a knuckle drives into his lower back.

“You alright?” Dream asks. His voice has gone all gritty again, lowered and rough as sandpaper against George’s ears.

“Mm- ” he hums back, “‘m just tense down there. Think it was ‘cause I pulled a muscle during-

ah!"

A sharp yelp tumbles from George's lips, sudden and breathy, when slick hands find the swell of his ass, rolling supple muscle and fat between large palms. Dream's thumbs dig into the crease, pulling both apart and delivering a tight *squeeze*.

George emits a muffled moan. His thighs squeeze together subtly, hips unconsciously inching off the bed to chase the feeling. He doesn't get far, with Dream's weight pinning him down.

One hand leaves its spot, trailing down between pale thighs. A thumb presses down onto a faded hickey, and Dream watches with possessiveness striking a chord in his heart as George squirms; gooseflesh breaking out across his back and legs.

They don't utter a word; allowing bated breaths and the soft rustle of sheets occupy the air instead.

The hands are as fleeting as they came, leaving a trail of contrasted coolness where they once laid. George spies the aloe bottle being lifted out of the corner of his eye. Impatience flashes hotly through his chest.

"Why are you *like* this," George groans, mouth tightening into a straight line when the clear, cold substance is applied to his sunburn.

Dream- of *fucking* course- laughs.

"Like what?"

"You *know* what, asshole."

"No, I actually don't, Georgie." An amused smile is brought to coy lips when another muffled groan leaves the muted softness of George's pillow. "Why don't you just tell me instead?"

"Because that's embarrassing, and you *know* it. Jesus Christ Dream just get on with it so we can go eat breakfast, good *god*," George exasperates, reaching back with a reprimanding hand to *slap* Dream's thighs a few times.

“George!” Dream yelps. There’s little to no hesitation when he snatches the offending wrist with an aloe-laden hand, flipping it around and *pinning* it to the mattress.

And, *fuck*, it seems to do something to the both of them.

Tension seems to multiply in the atmosphere for a split moment; a bruising grip around a delicate wrist, another around a pretty waist, thinner thighs locked underneath stronger ones. The fire that’d diminished to a flickering flame surges back at full force, and Dream’s mouth goes *dry* from it.

There’s a beat of silence, before George sighs, flexing his imprisoned hand. “*Dream*, if you don’t do anything within the next five seconds I’m seriously going to force myself to have a sleep attack just so you get blue-balled all day.”

Dream’s grip loosens. A few nervous chuckles. “You can’t- you can’t *actually* do that, can you?” He sounds unsure, and George laughs a bit at his reaction.

“I dunno, but we’ll find out,” the words are overbrimming with mirth and subtle impatience, but *yeah* , *okay* , Dream doesn’t want to find out, actually.

“Fine, *fine*, alright, gimme a sec.”

So the blond hastily sits back up straight, dropping George’s wrist in favor of squirting more lotion into his palm. He warms it up this time, thank *god*, before scooching back until most of his weight is settled at the hinge of George’s knees. Hands resettle on his ass, and *squeeze*.

But George is *quick* this time to object and prop himself up with annoyance sharp on his tongue. “*Dream*, I swear to *fuck* if you tease me again-*nnnh-* ”

Oh.

His arms give out *instantly*, slumping back onto the mattress with a whine caught in his throat. Because holy *fuck*.

There's a shaky, calloused hand between his legs, *rubbing* and *grabbing* and smoothing lotion all over the inside of his thighs and against his rim.

"S-Sorry, I should've warned you before doing that," Dream apologizes with a tremble to his tone, clearly focused on his task.

"You *think?*?" George mumbles. But he isn't irritated, this time. He can't be, especially with the way he unconsciously grinds into the mattress and up into the friction of Dream's hand. And it seems to boost Dream's confidence, as his hands become much less wary, fully slicking the soft, smooth skin between George's thighs with little hesitation.

When contact is lost, George's breathing picks up. Dream notices, and plants a firm kiss onto the center of his spine.

"I'm gonna start, just keep your legs together for me, okay?" It's his only request, and, despite still being slightly confused, George nods compliantly. Strong hands tug at his narrow hips, guiding them slightly off the mattress. He obeys, and squeezes his legs together.

A soft moan drifts through his ears, and he feels his cheeks heat up as lewd noises accompany it.

"Are you- ?"

Curiosity gets the best of him, and George peers around his shoulder.

The sight that greets him is erotic and glorious; Dream is flushed cheeks to chest in a rosy blush, sweat beaded along his forehead and damp hair strung in front of his eyes. Pupils blown, George ogles the way his hand grips himself, slicking his length with a few greedy pumps. The tip is nearly *purple* with the lack of touches he's received, and George swallows thickly as the urge to reach back and assist hammers inside his brain.

But that's effectively shut down, when Dream mutters, breathless, "I'm gonna fuck your thighs, baby. Lay down."

Oh. *Oh.*

George doesn't think he can speak properly, so he just nods instead, digging his forehead into the pillow once more. The cooling aloe on his shoulders feels stiff from where the thinner areas have started to dry, and it contrasts beautifully with the pooling warmth of sunlight and *Dream* on his back and thighs.

All the air in his lungs rushes out at once when something *wet* and *firm* pokes against the backs of his legs, right where they meet.

Dream uses a hand to grip and spread one of his thighs, pulling it to the side, while the other settles onto the mattress next to George's side to hold his weight. There's a moment of hesitation, where Dream bites the inside of his cheek, breathing hard.

But then he's pushing his hips forward.

And *shit*.

Dream nearly loses his composure then and there, mouth dropping open in a soft, drawn-out moan. Sheets crumple between his fingers and pale skin spills between his others, abdominal muscles tightening when lust sinks it's sinful claws into his skin.

George's thighs are *everywhere*; perfectly tight around his cock and slick and soft and *oh god*, he's *really* not going to last long.

He has to pause when he feels himself slip all the way through, hips meeting the backs of George's thighs. His silence is uncanny.

"Dream, baby, are you alright? You're shaking," George whispers, laying still when Dream falls to his elbow. His other arm hooks around a pale stomach, grinding into the intoxicating heat between his legs.

All Dream does is whine needily, forehead falling to rest at the bottom of his shoulder blade. Wetness coats his lashes faster than he can process, and George feels it slide against his skin.

"*F-Fuck, you- you jus'* feel *really* good, oh my *god*, George , " is all he manages, before his hips instinctually thrust forward, as if trying to bury further between George's thighs.

Glancing down, the brunet gasps when he sees the head poking through the crease of his legs, right where they're lifted slightly off the bed. It's glistening with precum, obscenely dripping onto his skin and the sheets.

"Go ahead, Dream, come *on*," George urges. Thin ankles cross, squeezing his thighs even *tighter* around Dream's cock. The lewd noise that leaves the man's lips is enough encouragement for George to start grinding off the bed himself, sliding wet skin against wet skin, listening to the string of whimpers that filters satisfyingly through his ears.

It seems to drench a raging fire in a thick layer of fuel; Dream's hips immediately pulling back, only to *thrust* back in with enough force to drive George further up the mattress. From there, the pace is relentless; each thrust purposeful as Dream yanks George's hips up to meet every downstroke.

"*God*, you're so fucking *tight*, baby," Dream moans between breathy pants.

George thinks it's entirely too arousing, with the way Dream feels between his thighs; thick and hot and *heavy*. It makes him think about how that same presence would feel inside him; filling him up and embellishing an untouched part of his body with Dream's name.

Everytime the blond's hips meet flesh, he brushes against George's own erection, which hadn't taken long to swell after Dream had set his hands on him again.

Little moans punch out of his lungs with each forceful thrust, and it's making George feel *crazy*.

He feels immobile, with Dream's weight on top of him and a protective forearm looped around his stomach. Strangely, despite the circumstance, it makes him feel safe. Just like that time they'd spent the night entangled on the couch, limbs curled together and breaths mingling with love spilling from their pores.

Dream's *always* made him feel comfortable; safe and protected and *his*.

"*Dream*," George whimpers, mouth dropping open as a particular thrust drags his cheek across the pillowcase. He's sure there's drool climbing down his lips, soaking fabric a darker shade of blue.

The pace slows a bit; Dream's hips grinding shallowly and *deep* against him. He's muttering something incoherent under his breath, dampening the skin where each hot puff of air lands.

It's only after wiping away the fog that's built up in George's brain that he recognizes the string of syllables:

"I love you, love you, love you so much..."

George's heart stutters, and he breathes in unfiltered rays of sun, exhaling moon dust and nebulas. The saturated adoration within his chest expands when he feels small kisses being littered across the expanse of his back, wet lashes fluttering in their trail.

"Thank you, *thank you...*" George finds himself saying the words before he can even process *why*. The kisses are strangely sparse and spread out, seemingly no rhyme nor reason why Dream's lips hit each trajectory. "Why are you doing that...?"

The warm presence between his thighs twitches, and George wonders if it was because of his voice. He shivers at the thought.

""M kissing your freckles," Dream mumbles against melted gold.

"Why?" He can't help but ask.

"Cause I'm the only one who gets to see 'em like this." His hips pick back up, rolling against George in a way that makes *both* of them moan. "S'close and touchable... I can worship every part 'f you, 'cause you let me."

"Of course I let you," George whispers back.

He feels Dream smile into his next kiss. George didn't know he had a freckle there.

"I know," the blond's tone goes all shaky again, "which is why I need t'show how thankful I am."

The next kisses are open-mouthed, dragging up towards his neck, nibbling just below the dip behind his ear.

George grins. “I don’t think I have freckles up there, Dream.”

And Dream laughs a bit, hips losing the rhythm they’d built up. “You never know, Georgie. There could be some there in the future.”

Doe eyes roll in their sockets, but are quickly stopped; squeezing shut in pleasurable shock when a hand encases his cock, stroking gently.

“Y-You are such an idiot.” It’s gritted out, and quickly washed away by a soft moan. There’s an open opportunity to fall into their routine of easy going banter; the door wide open for snarky remarks and light teasing.

But Dream doesn’t retort; he *can’t*.

Not when he can feel the flames in his belly fanning outward, threatening to bubble over the edge and spill like the crest of a hurricane. His insides are the storm from last night; angry and loud and *relentless*. He feels like he’s dripping, *hammering*, against the side of a windowsill, threatening to crack glass and burst through; to seep into wood and soak carpet.

George is gasping below him, spit shining off kiss-tender lips against slats of sunlight. His hips hammer faster, *faster*, into the sickeningly-sweet sin between George’s thighs.

He wants to ruin the milky skin; wants to paint over his canvas of mottled blues and purples with diluted white acrylic, to claim him in a way only *they’ll* know, even long after the white’s been wiped clean. Spotless, yet still forever *dirty*, to them.

“M’close, baby, so close,” Dream admits through gritted teeth.

“*Dream, please, wanna see you, please.*”

George’s pleas immediately cause him to stop. He moves on autopilot, pulling out from between

slick thighs and allowing his boy room to turn around.

As soon as their eyes lock, so do their lips, hot and heady breaths panting against one another. Dream doesn't even process it, when his world is flipped upside-down. His eyes open to George on top of *him*, this time; lying on his back and looking up at the love of his life.

The lotion-layered insides of his thighs brush the outside of Dream's own, and he doesn't have the energy to be embarrassed when his cock twitches.

George smiles, not with a teasing lilt, but instead with unadulteratedly-soaked *love*.

He presses flat against Dream, shuffling upwards to kiss the flushed tip of his nose. "I know you tell me that you don't need it, but I think it's your turn to be worshipped a little, Clay."

Dream's breath hitches at the back of his throat.

His lashes are rewetted when more tears well up at his waterline. George cradles his face with one hand, reaching the other down to reposition his length at the front of his melded thighs. He delivers a few loving pumps before settling his lower body's weight *down*, feeling Dream's cock slip back between his legs.

The blond *gasps*, mouth dropping open as George starts to pump his hips up and down, sliding up the length of his cock and letting gravity pull them back down.

And when he recrosses his ankles, squeezing *tight*, Dream *loses it*.

His hands fly up to grip the ones cupping his face, moaning brokenly as tears slip down his cheeks. Tired hips deliver minute thrusts up into George's thighs, but are too shaky to do much of anything.

They're still looking at each other's faces, and Dream knows he probably looks pathetic right now. Yet, George still looks at him like he's hung the stars, instead of being the raging thunderstorm he's manifested in his chest.

“Come on, Dreamie, you made me feel so good, want you to feel that too,” George whispers, lewd, wet slapping echoing off the sunlight-drenched walls with each rise and fall of his hips.

Dream whines loudly, squeezing George’s hands with enough power to *sting*. Blunt nails dig into delicate skin. There’ll be crescent-shaped red marks there; George is sure of it.

“*George*,” Dream chokes, throwing his head back and letting a long moan slip from raw lips.
“Love you, thank you, *thank you*, ‘m gonna cum-”

George tightens his thighs impossibly more, wrapping around Dream’s length in *all* the right ways.

“That’s it, baby, come on.” He thumbs away some of the tears riddling freckle-splattered cheeks.
“Next time, you can do it in me, yeah? Or m-maybe I’d fuck *your* thighs, slide between them and-
ah-”

He stops talking when Dream *groans*, and there’s a newfound wetness spilling between his thighs. George watches raptly as his face scrunches up in a powerful surge of pleasure, face *scarlet* and jaw hung open. And George’s thighs don’t stop moving; letting Dream’s cum coat the inside of his legs with striking possessiveness.

George leans down to drink in Dream’s moans, sloppily kissing into his mouth as the high of his orgasm teeters out.

They eventually still, breathing *hard*.

Dream slings an arm across his eyes and gasps lungfuls of air as tremors wrack his body. They feel almost as gross as they did this morning, as if the window had never been shut in the first place.

“Can’t believe we took a shower just for you to cum all over my thighs,” George teases. He can’t see his eyes, but Dream’s mouth quirks up in a grin all the same. His forearm falls away, and viridian eyes glance down.

“Oh, uh, you didn’t finish, hold on, let me just...” But confusion suddenly clouds Dream’s features, and he shifts. Realization sweeps through his expression. “W-Wait, George, did you-?”

The brunet goes absolutely *red* at this, biting his lip with a sheepish look. “Y-Yeah... don’t- don’t laugh at me, though. That was just really, *really* hot, okay?”

Their stomachs and chests are smeared with George’s drying release, and now that Dream can feel it, he grimaces a bit. “That almost feels worse than how it did on my *face*.”

“*Dream!*” George reprimands with a slap to his chest.

They share a joint laugh, and George eventually unsticks himself from Dream’s front, rolling off his body and onto dirty sheets.

Silence rings heavy in the air, but it isn’t uncomfortable. It’s peaceful. Safe.

But, of course, it doesn’t last forever.

“Um, what now?”

George lolls his head to the side, sending Dream a bewildered look. “Huh?”

“What do... what do you wanna do?”

“Dream, we’re covered in cum.” George accompanies the words with a deadpan stare.

The blond smirks, like pure, saturated sunbeams; drenched in starburst. “Okay, sure, but pretend we aren’t?”

And George rolls his eyes, like Venus’ essence, like lingering mist on pavement. “You’re insufferable. Breakfast sounds nice.”

He watches as Dream’s face lights up, a boyish smile stretching over white teeth.

Before he can say anything, George interrupts, “But a wet rag sounds nicer. Go get shit to clean us up, dumbass.”

Despite the obvious pout on his face, Dream rises on shaky limbs, disappearing into the bathroom and returning with damp hand towels.

“Do you want pancakes? Bacon? Bri-ish toast?” He mimics a poor British accent with the last two words, wiping George clean and kissing his cheek.

“God, shut *up*,” George jokes. He watches as Dream devotedly cleans off his chest and stomach, and he can’t resist from reaching forward to comb a hand through his blond strands front to back. “Pancakes.”

Dream hums in acknowledgment. “Do you want your stupid *one, two, three* pancakes or do you want *real* pancakes?”

“Mine,” George quickly says, “with lots of-”

“ -Nutella, *I know*, I know. I got it.”

Dream finishes, helping George to his feet and laughing as they struggle to dress without tripping over uncoordinated limbs.

They make their way to the kitchen with Dream’s arm looped around George’s waist; dressed in baggy pajamas and oversized tees. George’s sleep shorts have little cats on them, and Dream smiles to himself when he sees them flash from beneath his shirt.

When they reach the kitchen, both men halt when they spot a figure already hunched over the stove. A pleasant smell wafts through the air.

“Sapnap?” George questions, rubbing an eye, as if he’s seeing things.

Dream glances at the time on the wall.

9:32 a.m.

He raises an eyebrow and watches as Sapnap turns around, a disgruntled look on his face.

“You’re up... *early*? ”

“No *shit*, ” he says, splitting an eggshell against the abrasive rim of the pan, watching the yolk slip and sizzle on the scorched surface.

Dream sends George a perplexed look, but he just shrugs, and pads into the kitchen. He stops next to the stove, opening a cabinet to grab a mug. That, too, has a cat on it.

“What’s got your balls in a twist, Sappitus? ” George teases, pressing the espresso option on their coffee machine. It whirs to life just as Sapnap opens his mouth to retort, effectively cutting him off.

Dream wheezes a bit, leaning back against the counter, arms crossed.

The machine stops, and Sapnap flips them off. “I seriously want a refund. I want to move out.”

“Nick, I literally pay your *rent*, ” Dream says. The middle finger just gets shoved closer to his face.

George shakes his head, pinching Sapnap’s hip and giggling at his yelp before dumping two spoonfuls of sugar into his coffee. “You wouldn’t move out. You love us too much.”

“Yeah, I *do*, but do you know what I *don’t* love? ” Sapnap grits out, aggressively scrambling his eggs with the spatula, gripping it in a white-knuckled fist. “The sound of *you two* having ball-slapping, loud-ass buttsex at the asscrack of dawn, *shitheads*. ”

There’s a *long* beat of silence, as he pulls out a plate and dumps the eggs onto it.

“Like, you couldn’t have at least *spared* me by doing it in George’s room?” He pauses, sprinkling salt over his eggs and glaring at both of them.

Dream’s gone *completely* red in the face, rimrod straight against the counter. But George, in contrast, just rolls his eyes, practically *flaunting* the marks littered on his neck with the way he allows his shirt to slip off one shoulder.

“Why the hell would we do *that* when we were already asleep in Dream’s room? That’s dumb,” George says through a yawn, sipping languidly on his coffee. Dream purses his lips to hold back his own.

“Yeah, you’re right,” Sapnap mutters, snatching a fork before turning heel towards the living room, “I’d probably be able to hear Dream anyway. *Oooh, you’re so tight Georgie, aaaah love you so much mm!*”

He whips around, shooting one last glare. “*Yeah. Don’t talk to me.*”

With that, he vanishes into the other room. It isn’t long until the sound of the T.V. drifts through the hallway; sports news from last night, most likely.

Unsurprisingly, Dream’s face is completely *buried* into his palms, the tips of his ears *scalding* red-hot. And George is just *laughing*, shoulders bouncing with each giggle. “Okay, that *was* a pretty good impression, not gonna lie.”

“*George!*” Dream lifts his head up, expression aghast. Mock betrayal flickers through his eyes. “You are all- I can’t- I don’t even *sound* like that! That- that- that’s *so* inaccurate, I cannot *believe* you just said that to me.”

Shaking his head, George goes to stand by him, not looking remorseful in the *slightest*. “Shut up, you big baby,” he coos, pinching one of Dream’s cheeks. It’s swatted away within seconds. “Now make me some fucking pancakes.”

“Oh my *god*,” Dream exasperates. A smile tugs at his lips anyway. Begrudgingly, and while sticking his tongue out, he makes his way to the pantry, pulling out ingredients and setting them on the counter.

“Hey.”

George’s voice is soft all of a sudden. Dream hums questioningly, nearly running into his chest when he turns around. His eyes go wide when lithe arms string around his middle, face buried in his collarbone.

“Thank you,” he breathes, squeezing *tight*.

The actions make Dream’s heart nearly stop, but he wraps his arms around George’s waist all the same. His cheek rests on the top of his head, catching a whiff of lingering shampoo and rain-soaked concrete.

“Love you.”

He feels George smile against his skin.

“Yeah, I know.”

Brown hair leaves his line of vision as George pulls back, lifting onto his tip-toes to sear a loving kiss into Dream’s lips. It’s brief, but so, *so* perfect.

They part, and Dream misses him already, despite still being between his arms. He starts to go in for another, but is stopped by a palm on his mouth.

George wears an amused expression.

“Pancakes. Nutella. Now.”

And, of course, Dream does it. Cooks his dumb *one, two, three* pancakes with a smile on his face, coats them in copious amounts of Nutella, and delivers it to him on the couch with a kiss to the cheek.

Because truly, he'd do anything for George. And *yeah*, maybe he *is* a simp, but at least he admits it.

update !

Hi everyone!

So I'm making this extra chapter for two reasons:

1) Because I accidentally published this fic with the date set to August 4th, when I officially posted it on August 11th. Which *means* my fic didn't show up in the recent tags. Which *also* means that practically nobody saw this fic. Oops.

So! I'm making this chapter to put it on the recent tags so more people can see it because I worked on it for like a month and I'm fairly proud of it :)

2) I wanted to give an update on this series and my plans for the future!

The feedback I've gotten on Narcolepsy in Nirvana has been absolutely wonderful. It makes me so happy to see people find comfort in these fics, which is what they intended to aim for. The narcoleptic!Gnf concept was something so endearing to me and I've loved writing the gradual progression of Dnf's relationship within this universe.

However.

I have come to a standstill in this series. I think it may be completed as it is. If I have spare time, I may write fluffy drabbles that are contained within the AU; perhaps more shenanigans with George falling asleep at inopportune times or something :)

But for the most part, I'd say Narcolepsy in Nirvana is pretty completed as a series. I don't have an itch to scratch in terms of adding more onto it, nor do I have any ideas in how to proceed. Maybe I will in the future; who knows!

In regards to future plans- I am happy to announce the beginning of a new multi-chapter Dnf fic! :D

This is a University AU, in which Dream and George are roommates. While a lot of my fics have focused on Dream being the flustered, blushing, super in-love one, I've decided to switch it up a bit! This fic will feature pining!Gnf, in which Dream is basically his gay awakening lol

It'll be a bit of a slowburn, but I have the entire thing mapped out for how I want it to go, and I already have about 2k words written for the first chapter! :)

If you're interested, keep an eye out for that. Otherwise, I hope everyone has a great day, and thank you all for the amazing support! You are all lovely!

Thank you!

-Hydra

End Notes

:)

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Feel free to check out my other stuff if you enjoy my writing!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!